

HYMNS AND VERSES  
BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW



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## Samuel Longfellow.

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BOSTON AND NEW YORK.



# HYMNS AND VERSES

✓ BY

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

*"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace"*



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
The Riverside Press, Cambridge  
1894

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*The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.*  
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THE hymns in this little volume have, with a few exceptions, been already printed in various collections.

In 1846, Mr. Longfellow, in connection with Rev. Samuel Johnson, published the Book of Hymns, followed two years later by an enlarged edition. This contained three original hymns by Mr. Longfellow, and one translation from the Breviary.

In 1860, Mr. Longfellow published a book of Vesper Services, which contains his Vesper Hymns. In the same year, he published a Book of Hymns and Tunes for the Sunday School. In 1876, he issued an enlarged edition of this, omitting most of the children's hymns, and making other changes.

In 1864, Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Johnson published the Hymns of the Spirit, carefully selected as an expression of purely spiritual religious belief.

It contains twenty-two original hymns by

Mr. Longfellow. Three of these are marked anonymous in the index, as Mr. Longfellow wished to avoid the appearance of introducing too much of himself into the book.

The hymn, "Holy Spirit, Truth Divine!" bears some resemblance to one by Andrew Reed, but after careful investigation they appear to be quite distinct.

The hymn, "Sing forth his high eternal Name" was written by request for the tune of Coronation.

In 1887, Mr. Longfellow printed for private circulation a small collection of his hymns and verses. In the present collection a few of the hymns and poems have been taken from manuscripts which, although without signature, seemed undoubtedly original with Mr. Longfellow.

Where there is any variation in the text it has been thought best to follow the latest revision.

A. M. L.

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## THE CALL.

*"The laborers are forth; why tarriest here?  
Their song is heard afar while thou dost dream."  
O Thou who to thy children still art near,  
From thee upon my soul the call doth gleam!  
I must no longer muse beside the stream,  
No longer in green-shadowed byways lurk,  
But rise and go forth girded for my work,—  
To sow beside the waters garnered seeds  
Of thought that shall bear fruit of noble act,  
And feeling that shall flower in beauteous deeds.  
Do thou supply all that my soul hath lacked,  
Do thou supply all that my soul still needs,—  
The strength of will, the power to be and do  
All I have dreamed of fair and good and true!*

1846.



## HYMNS.



HYMN FOR THE ORDINATION OF  
EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

O God! Thy children gathered here,  
Thy blessing now await ;  
Thy servant, girded for his work,  
Stands at the temple-gate.

A holy purpose in his heart  
Has deepened calm and still ;  
Now from his childhood's Nazareth  
He comes, to do thy will.

O Father ! keep his soul alive  
To every hope of good ;  
And may his life of love proclaim  
Man's truest brotherhood !

O Father ! keep his spirit quick  
To every form of wrong ;

And in the ear of sin and self  
May his rebuke be strong !

O give him in thy holy work  
Patience to wait thy time,  
And, while he toils with man, to breathe  
The soul's serener clime !

And grant him many hearts to lead  
Into thy perfect rest ;  
Bless thou him, Father, and his flock ;  
Bless ! and they shall be blest !

## HYMN OF BAPTISM.

WHEN from the Jordan's gleaming wave  
Came forth the sinless one,  
A voice athwart the heavens flashed,  
“Lo, my beloved son !”

The Baptist, gazing on his face  
With the soul's radiance bright,  
Beheld upon his sacred head  
A snow-white dove alight.

Now, with baptismal waters touched,  
Thy children, Father, see ;  
While heart and soul, and mind and  
strength,  
They consecrate to thee.

Send down on them thy holy dove,  
Thy spirit undefiled ;

Be each in purity and faith  
Thy well-beloved child !

O help them in the wilderness,  
To conquer doubt and sin,  
To see above them still thy Peace  
And hear thy voice within !

1848.



## THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,  
As earthly hopes remove,  
His “new commandment” Jesus gives, —  
His blessed law of love.

O bond of union strong and deep !  
O bond of perfect peace !  
Not even the lifted cross can harm,  
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours ;  
And swift our feet shall move  
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,  
And “the sweet tasks of love.”

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

SUPREME disposer of the heart !

Thou, since the world was made,  
Hast the best fruits of holiness  
To holy hearts displayed.

Here, hope and faith their links unite  
With love in one sweet chain ;  
But when all fleeting things are past,  
Love shall alone remain.

O love ! O true and fadeless light !  
And shall it ever be,  
That after all our toils and tears  
Thy Sabbath we shall see ?

'Mid thousand fears and dangers now  
We sow our seed, with prayer,

But know that joyful hands shall reap  
The shining harvests there.

O God of justice, God of power !  
Our faith and hope increase,  
And crown them, in the future years,  
With endless love and peace.

*Breviary, 1848.*

## HYMN

FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW CHAPEL OF  
THE FIRST PARISH, HAVERHILL.

O GOD ! a temple to thy name  
Our hands have builded fair  
And now we dedicate to thee  
This lowly House of Prayer.

And Father, though thou dwellest not  
In temples made with hands,  
But in the pure and holy heart  
That doth thy pure commands,

Yet dwell thou here ! for here, we trust,  
Shall hearts which thou wilt love  
Bring unto thee the offering,  
Which thou dost most approve.

Here be thy word of Love and Power  
Proclaimed from lips sincere,  
And every hope which blesses man  
Find warmest welcome here.

Here meet in Love thy sin-stained child  
And bid his wanderings cease  
And on the weary, laden heart  
Send thine untroubled Peace.

1848.

## THE WORD.

IN the beginning was the Word.  
    Athwart the primal night  
It flashed with quick, creative power,  
    And on the earth was light.  
IN the beginning was the Word.  
    God's utterance of might  
Upon man's waiting spirit flashed,  
    And in the soul was light.

O Word that broke the stillness first,  
    Sound on, and never cease  
Till all earth's darkness be made light,  
    And all her discord peace.  
Sound in thy servants' willing hearts  
    Till all their depths be stirred ;  
Speak from their pure, untrembling lips,  
    O ever-living Word !

## LAW AND LOVE.

O THOU in whom we live and move,  
Whose love is law, whose law is love,  
Whose present spirit waits to fill  
The soul that comes to do thy will !

Unto our waiting spirits teach  
Thy love beyond the power of speech,  
And bid us feel with joyful awe  
The omnipresence of thy law.

That law doth give to truth and right,  
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,  
And makes each fondly cherished lie  
And boasting wrong to cower and die.

Its patient working doth fulfill  
Man's hope and God's all-perfect will,

Nor suffers one true word or thought  
Or deed of love to come to naught.

Such faith, O God ! our souls sustain  
Free, true, and calm, in joy and pain,  
That even by our fidelity  
Thy kingdom may the nearer be !



“WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE  
NIGHT ? ”

WRITTEN FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A QUARTER of the circling sphere  
Has rounded onward to the light ;  
We see not yet the daylight clear,  
But we can see the paling night.

And Hope that aye relumes her fires,  
And Faith that shines with steadfast  
ray,  
And Love that courage reinspires,  
As morning stars, lead on the day.

O sentinels, whose tread we heard  
Through long hours when we could not  
see,

Pause now ; exchange with cheer the  
word,

The unchanging watchword, Liberty !

Look backward ; how much has been  
won !

Look round ; how much is yet to win !  
The watches of the night are done ;  
The watches of the day begin.

O Thou whose mighty patience holds  
The night and day alike in view,  
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,  
Oh, keep us steadfast, patient, true !

1856.

## VESPER HYMNS.

### I.

TO AN AIR HEARD IN S. TRINITÀ DE MONTI IN  
ROME.

HEAR us, Heavenly Father, hear us !

Give to us thy perfect peace.

Thou whose love unsleeping

Watch is ever keeping,

Shades of evening gather,

Thou, our heavenly Father,

Holy and Merciful,

Hear our evening prayer !

When life's glooms o'ertake us

Thou wilt not forsake us ;

When life's shadows darken

Thou our cry wilt hearken ;

Holy and Merciful !

Thou wilt hear our prayer :

Give us thy peace, O God,  
Keep us in thy perfect peace !

## II.

SOFT as fades the sunset splendor  
And the light of day grows dim,  
We to God our praises render,  
Sing we thus our vesper hymn, —  
Jubilate, Amen !  
Father, gracious, loving, tender,  
Oh, accept the grateful strain !

Day by day comes rich in blessing,  
Night by night brings holy calm ;  
Lord, to thee our praise addressing,  
Rises thus our joyful psalm, —  
Jubilate, Amen !  
But, unworthiness confessing,  
Into silence fades again.

## III.

Now on land and sea descending,  
Brings the night its peace profound,

And our evening hymn is blending  
With the holy calm around.  
Soon as dies the sunset glory  
Stars of heaven shine out above,  
Telling still the ancient story, —  
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving  
To his care who cares for all,  
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving ;  
At his touch our burdens fall.  
As the darkness deepens o'er us,  
Lo ! eternal stars arise ;  
Hope and faith and love rise glorious  
Shining in the spirit's skies.

## IV.

AGAIN as evening's shadow falls,  
We gather in these hallowed walls,  
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer  
Rise mingling on the holy air.

The struggling heart that seeks release  
Here finds the rest of God's own peace,  
And strengthened here by hymn and  
prayer,  
Lays down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light, to thee we bow !  
Within all shadows standest thou :  
Give deeper calm than night can bring,  
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing !

Life's tumult we must meet again,  
We cannot at the shrine remain ;  
But in the spirit's secret cell  
May hymn and prayer forever dwell !

“GO FORTH TO LIFE.”

Go forth to life, O child of earth,  
Remembering still thy heavenly birth,  
Thou art not here for ease or sin,  
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires be in thy soul,  
Thy spirit can their flames control ;  
Though tempters should beset thy way,  
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth  
To manly pureness, manly truth ;  
God's angels still are near to save,  
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth !  
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !  
For noble service thou art here ;  
Thy brothers help, thy God revere !

## HYMN OF WINTER.

'T is Winter now ; the fallen snow  
Has left the heavens all coldly clear ;  
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds  
    blow,  
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn ;  
His life within the keen air breathes,  
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,  
And clothes the boughs with glitt'ring  
    wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,  
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,  
Home closer draws her circle now,  
And warmer glows her light within.



O God ! who giv'st the winter's cold  
As well as summer's joyous rays,  
Us warmly in thy love enfold,  
And keep us through life's wintry days !

1859.

.

## SUMMER RURAL GATHERING.

THE sweet June days are come again,  
With sun and clouds between,  
And, fed alike by sun and rain,  
The trees grow broad and green :  
Spreads broad and green the leafy tent,  
Upon whose grassy floor  
Our feet, too long in cities pent,  
Their freedom find once more.

The sweet June days are come again ;  
Once more the glad earth yields  
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,  
And breath of clover fields,  
And deepening shade of summer woods,  
And glow of summer air,  
And winging thoughts, and happy moods  
Of love and joy and prayer.

The sweet June days are come again,  
The birds are on the wing,  
God's praises, in their loving strain,  
Unconsciously they sing.  
We know who giveth all our good,  
And 'neath the arches dim,  
And ancient pillars of the wood,  
We lift our grateful hymn.

1859.

## A PRAYER.

LIFE of God, within my soul  
Come, and make my spirit whole !  
Pour new life through every vein,  
Search and heal this inward pain !

All this restless discontent,  
All these wishes vainly spent,  
All this love of self and ease,  
All thy searching spirit sees, —

Let them all decay and fall ;  
Thou, my God, be all in all ;  
Be my power and be my peace,  
Be my freedom and release.

Ever whisper the great thought  
Which by toil is never bought ;  
Still reveal the glorious truth  
That gives the soul perpetual youth.

## LOOKING UNTO GOD.

“Who sees God’s hand in all things, and all things in God’s hand.”

I LOOK to thee in every need,  
And never look in vain ;  
I feel thy touch, Eternal Love !  
And all is well again.  
The thought of thee is mightier far  
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,  
Disheartened by its load,  
Shamed by its failures or its fears,  
I sink beside the road, —  
But let me only think of thee,  
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,  
My restlessness to still ;

Around me flows thy quickening life  
To nerve my faltering will ;  
Thy presence fills my solitude,  
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,  
Held in thy law, I stand ;  
Thy hand in all things I behold,  
And all things in thy hand ;  
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,  
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

“IN ALL AGES ENTERING HOLY  
SOULS.”

LIGHT of ages and of nations !  
Every race and every time  
Has received thine inspirations,  
Glimpses of thy truth sublime.  
Always spirits in rapt vision  
Passed the mystic veil within ;  
Always hearts bowed in contrition  
Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noblest aspiration  
Truth in growing clearness saw ;  
Conscience spoke its condemnation,  
Or proclaimed the Eternal law.  
While thine inward revelations  
Told thy saints their prayers were heard,  
Prophets to the guilty nations  
Spake thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever ;  
Revelation is not sealed ;  
Answering now to our endeavor,  
Truth and Right are still revealed.  
That which came to ancient sages,  
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,  
Written in the soul's deep pages  
Shines to-day, forever new !

1860.



## THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

ONE holy church of God appears  
Through every age and race,  
Unwasted by the lapse of years,  
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,  
Beneath the pine or palm,  
One Unseen Presence she adores,  
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,  
To serve the world raised up ;  
The pure in heart her baptized ones,  
Love her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,  
The soul her sacred page ;

And feet on mercy's errands swift  
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church! thine errand speed,  
Fulfill thy work sublime ;  
With bread of life earth's hunger feed,  
Redeem the evil time !

1860.

“AROUND THE WINTRY TOMB.”

AROUND the wintry tomb,  
Blown by the drear wind's breath,  
As with a voice of doom  
The dry leaf rustleth ;  
But a secret voice still whispers,  
“O soul, there is no death !”

Hearts on the altar laid  
May seem to perish, slain ;  
The sacrificial blood  
May seem to flow in vain ;  
But a secret voice still whispers,  
“O true soul, not in vain !”

## JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE loving Friend to all who bowed  
    Beneath life's weary load,  
From lips baptized in humble prayer  
    His consolations flowed.

The faithful Witness to the Truth,  
    His just rebuke was hurled  
Out from a heart that burned to break  
    The fetters of the world.

No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,  
    His piercing glance could bear ;  
But longing hearts which sought him found  
    That God and heaven were there.

“GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY  
BREAD.”

O God, thou giver of all good !  
Thy children live by daily food ;  
And daily must the prayer be said,  
“Give us this day our daily bread !”

The life of earth and seed is thine ;  
Suns glow, rains fall, by power divine ;  
Thou art in all ; not even the powers  
By which we toil for bread are ours.

What large provision thou hast made !  
As large as is thy children's need :  
How wide thy bounteous love is spread !  
Wide as the want of daily bread.

Since every day by thee we live,  
May grateful hearts thy gifts receive ;  
And may the hands be pure from stain  
With which our daily bread we gain.

ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering  
world ;

Now, each man to his post !  
The red-cross banner is unfurled ;  
Who joins the glorious host ?

He who, in fealty to the Truth,  
And counting all the cost,  
Doth consecrate his generous youth, —  
He joins the noble host !

He who, no anger on his tongue,  
Nor any idle boast,  
Bears steadfast witness against wrong, —  
He joins the sacred host !

He who, with calm, undaunted will,  
Ne'er counts the battle lost,

---

But, though defeated, battles still, —  
He joins the faithful host !

He who is ready for the cross,  
The cause despised loves most,  
And shuns not pain or shame or loss, —  
He joins the martyr host !

## JOHN AND JESUS.

A voice by Jordan's shore !  
A summons stern and clear : —  
Reform ! be just ! and sin no more !  
God's judgment draweth near !

A voice by Galilee,  
A holier voice I hear : —  
Love God ! thy neighbor love ! for see,  
God's mercy draweth near !

O voice of Duty, still  
Speak forth : I hear with awe ;  
In thee I own the sovereign will,  
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love !  
Yet speak thy word in me ;  
Through Duty let me upward move  
To thy pure liberty !



“FATHER, I HAVE SINNED.”

Love for all ! and can it be ?  
Can I hope it is for me ?  
I, who strayed so long ago,  
Strayed so far, and fell so low !

I, the disobedient child,  
Wayward, passionate, and wild ;  
I, who left my Father's home  
In forbidden ways to roam !

I, who spurned his loving hold,  
I, who would not be controlled ;  
I, who would not hear his call,  
I, the willful prodigal ?

I, who wasted and misspent  
Every talent he had lent ;

I, who sinned again, again,  
Giving every passion rein !

To my Father can I go ? —  
At his feet myself I 'll throw,  
In his house there yet may be  
Place, a servant's place for me.

See, my Father waiting stands ;  
See, he reaches out his hands ;  
God is love ! I know, I see  
There is love for me — even me !

PRAYER FOR INSPIRATION.

HOLY Spirit, Truth divine !  
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;  
Word of God, and Inward Light !  
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine !  
Glow within this heart of mine ;  
Kindle every high desire ;  
Perish self in thy pure fire !

Holy Spirit, Power divine !  
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;  
By thee may I strongly live,  
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine !  
King within my conscience reign ;

Be my Law, and I shall be  
Firmly bound, forever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine !  
Still this restless heart of mine ;  
Speak to calm this tossing sea,  
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine !  
Gladden thou this heart of mine ;  
In the desert ways I sing,  
“Spring, O Well ! forever spring.”

## PEACE ON EARTH.

PEACE, peace on earth! the heart of man  
forever  
Through all these weary strifes foretells  
the day ;  
Blessed be God! the hope forsakes him  
never,  
That war shall end, and swords be sheathed  
for aye.

Peace, peace on earth! When man to  
man is brother,  
Hosts shall go forth to bless, and not de-  
stroy ;  
Nations shall justly deal with one another,  
And peace on earth fulfill the angels' joy.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.

O THOU, whose liberal sun and rain  
Come not upon the earth in vain,  
Now let thy quickening word come down  
The worship of this hour to crown !

O hear this church renew its vow,  
Its solemn consecration now,  
To work, with heart and soul and might,  
For Truth and Freedom, Love and  
Right ;—

To listen with a willing faith  
To whatsoe'er the Spirit saith,  
And year by year to be more true  
To him who maketh all things new !

“GOD, THROUGH ALL, AND IN YOU  
ALL.”

GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea,  
Of all above and all below,  
Creation lives and moves in thee,  
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thee in the lonely woods we meet,  
On the bare hills or cultured plains,  
In every flower beneath our feet,  
And e'en the still rock's mossy stains.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,  
Thy life is in the quickening air ;  
When lightnings flash and storm-winds  
blow,  
There is thy power ; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,  
Thy grandeur in the march of night ;

And when the morning breaks in power,  
We hear thy word, “ Let there be light.”

But higher far, and far more clear,  
Thee in man’s spirit we behold ;  
Thine image and thyself are there —  
The Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.



“THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU  
FREE.”

WRITTEN FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE FIRST MEETING OF THE SECOND UNI-  
TARIAN SOCIETY IN BROOKLYN.

We sowed a seed in faith and hope  
Out in the unfenced lands ;  
Now, rooted deep and spreading fair,  
A living tree it stands.  
Nor strife nor cry has marked its growth,  
But, broad'ning silently,  
Each bough that sways in sunshine says,  
“ The Truth shall make you free ! ”

Its leaves have for our healing been  
By dews of heaven blest ;  
Beneath its boughs our children sang,  
Our dear ones passed to rest.

We in its shade with God have walked,  
Whom our own hearts could see ;  
And lo ! from need of rite or creed  
His Truth has made us free !

From outward rule to inward law  
That Truth our feet still lead !  
From letter into spirit still,  
From form to life and deed !  
From God afar to God most near !  
Our confidence is he ;  
From fear of man or Church's ban  
His Truth has made us free.

“BEHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS  
NEW.”

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FREE  
RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

O LIFE, that maketh all things new, —  
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men !  
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,  
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,  
From eye to eye the signals run,  
From heart to heart the bright hope glows ;  
The seekers of the light are one, —

One in the freedom of the Truth,  
One in the joy of paths untrod,  
One in the soul's perennial youth,  
One in the larger thought of God, —

The freer step, the fuller breath,  
The wide horizon's grander view,  
The sense of life that knows no death, —  
The Life that maketh all things new.

1878.

“BEHOLD, THE FIELDS ARE  
WHITE.”

OH, still in accents sweet and strong  
Sounds forth the ancient word, —  
“ More reapers for white harvest fields,  
More laborers for the Lord.”

We hear the call ; in dreams no more  
In selfish ease we lie,  
But girded for our Father’s work,  
Go forth beneath his sky.

Where prophets’ word, and martyrs’ blood,  
And prayers of saints were sown,  
We, to their labors entering in,  
Would reap where they have strown.

O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred !  
To do thy will we come ;  
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,  
And bear our harvest home.

“THOU WHO, IMMUTABLE AND  
ONE.”

THOU who, Immutable and One,  
Through varying forms dost range,  
The abiding life, the steadfast law,  
Deep at the heart of change ; —

Our restless life sweeps ever on  
To regions new and strange ;  
But may our hearts the abiding find,  
The changeless 'mid all change !

“NOW WHILE WE SING OUR CLOS-  
ING PSALM.”

Now while we sing our closing psalm,  
With reverent lips and glowing heart,  
May peace from out th’ eternal calm  
Rest on our spirits as we part.

May light, to guide us every hour,  
From thee, eternal Sun, descend ;  
And strength from thee, almighty Power,  
Be with us now, and to the end !

## EASTER.

Lo, the earth again is risen,  
Living, from its wintry prison ;  
Bring we flower and leaf and spray  
To adorn our holiday !

Once again the word comes true :  
Lo, he maketh all things new !  
Now the dark, cold days are o'er,  
Light and gladness are before.

How our hearts leap with the spring !  
How our spirits soar and sing !  
Light is victor over gloom,  
Life triumphant o'er the tomb.

Change, then, mourning into praise,  
And for dirges anthems raise !  
All our fears and griefs shall be  
Lost in immortality !



## HYMN

FOR A CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.

ETERNAL One, thou living God,  
Whom changing years unchanged reveal,  
With thee their way our fathers trod ;  
The hand they held, in ours we feel !

The same our trust, the same our need,  
In sorrow's stress, in duty's hour ;  
We keep their faith, if not their creed,  
That faith the fount of all our power !

We bless thee for the growing light,  
The advancing thought, the widening view,  
The larger freedom, clearer sight,  
Which from the old unfolds the new.

With wider view, come loftier goal !  
With fuller light, more good to see !

With freedom, truer self-control,  
With knowledge, deeper reverence be !

Anew we pledge ourselves to thee,  
To follow where thy truth shall lead.  
That truth alone can make us free ;  
Who goes with God is safe indeed !

### BENEDICTION.

FATHER, give thy benediction,  
Give thy peace, before we part ;  
Still our minds with truth's conviction,  
Calm with trust each anxious heart : —  
Let thy voice, with sweet commanding,  
Bid our griefs and struggles end ;  
Peace which passeth understanding  
On our waiting spirits send.

## HYMN

WRITTEN FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE  
CAMBRIDGE HOSPITAL.

THOU Lord of life, our saving Health,  
Who mak'st thy suffering ones our care,  
Our gifts are still our truest wealth,  
To serve thee our sincerest prayer.

As on the river's rising tide  
Flow strength and coolness from the  
sea,  
So, through the ways our hands provide,  
May quickening life flow in from thee,—

To heal the wound, to still the pain,  
And strength to failing pulses bring,  
Till the lame feet shall leap again  
And the parched lips with gladness sing.

---

Bless thou the gifts our hands have  
brought!

Bless thou the work our hearts have  
planned!

Ours is the hope, the will, the thought;  
The rest, O God, is in thy hand!

1886.

## THE LORD OF ALL.

SING forth his high eternal name  
Who holds all powers in thrall,  
Through endless ages still the same, —  
The mighty Lord of all.

His goodness, strong and measureless,  
Upholds us lest we fall ;  
His hand is still outstretched to bless, —  
The loving Lord of all.

His perfect law sets metes and bounds,  
Our strong defense and wall ;  
His providence our life surrounds, —  
The saving Lord of all.

He every thought and every deed  
Doth to his judgment call ;  
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed  
The righteous God of all.

---

When, turning from forbidden ways,  
Low at his feet we fall,  
His strong and tender arms upraise, —  
The pardoning Lord of all.

Unwearied he is working still,  
Unspent his blessings fall,  
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,  
The only Lord of all.

## EASTER HYMN.

CEASE, O mourner ! cease your tears,  
Lift your sorrow-burdened eyes.  
Through the clouds the blue appears,  
Storms have cleared the April skies.  
Ended is the winter's strife,  
Stand the fields in living green ;  
Death is swallowed up in life ;  
Faith is justified, serene.

Go not to the grave to sigh,  
'Tis not there your treasure lies ;  
Unseen, yet most closely nigh,  
Is the loving heart you prize.  
Graves are but the body's bed,  
Soul the grave could never hold ;  
Living seek not 'mid the dead ;  
Hearts that love can ne'er grow cold.



---

Lift your thoughts to higher spheres,  
There the radiant one behold  
Free from grief, save for your tears,  
Joyous as in days of old.  
There in life's untiring round  
Of willing service gently led,  
The dead are living, the lost found,  
And the sorrowing comforted.

Faith's strong hand the veil thus parts,  
Thus the light of life shines through ;  
Near unto your heart of hearts  
Is the loved, still loving you.  
Ended be your mourning hours,  
Learn the lesson taught of old  
By the very birds and flowers, —  
Trust in God, and be consoled.

## EASTER CAROL.

SING we now our hymns of gladness  
On this happy Easter morn ;  
Sing of life, — the life immortal,  
Life that out of death is born.  
Death is conquered, and we conquer,  
When to holy life we rise, —  
That is life, and life immortal,  
That the life which never dies.  
Sing, sing, children sing !  
Sing of life immortal ;  
Bring, bring flowers of spring  
To the temple's portal !  
Strong, strong, lift your song,  
Beautiful and glorious ;  
Rise, rise, as earth has risen, —  
Risen from the dead !

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Life again from death is born ;

Thus we sing our hymn of gladness

On this happy Easter morn.

## INSTALLATION HYMN.

“Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.” *Rev.* iii. 8.

O CHURCH of Freedom and of Faith,  
Give ear to what the Spirit saith, —  
“Behold, I set an open door  
Before thee, to be shut no more !”

Then let no impious hands e’er dare  
To shut out God’s free light and air ;  
Let never bigot’s narrow wall  
Shut in the Grace which flows for all !

May he, O God, who comes to-day  
To teach thy Truth, thy Life, thy Way  
In thy high service bear his part  
With open mind and open heart !

---

And O may all who gather here  
Hold reverence precious, freedom dear,  
And to the Spirit more and more  
Be every soul an open door!

1891.



VERSES.





## NO HEART ALONE.

“I have learned,” says the melancholy Pestalozzi, “that in this wide world there is no heart willing or able to help another.”

O SAY not we through life must struggle,  
Must toil, must mourn, alone ;  
That no one beating heart can answer  
The throbbings of our own !

The sky with its own celestial hues  
Ever paints the sea below ;  
And the sea sends up its mists to form  
Bright clouds and the heavenly bow.

The stars look down from the holy  
heaven  
Into the earthly stream,  
And see themselves in the quiet depths  
With softer beauty gleam.

Thus all things do of their own beauty  
Each with some other share ;  
And thus a lesson of loving duty  
To all men's hearts they bear.

Alone amid life's griefs and perils,  
The stoutest soul might quail ;  
Left to its own unaided efforts,  
The strongest arm might fail.

And though all strength still comes from  
heaven,  
All light from God above,  
Yet we may sometimes be his angels,  
Apostles of his love.

Then let us learn to help each other,  
As on life's path we wend :  
Who sees in every man a brother  
Shall never want a friend.

## THE VIADUCT.

FAIR shines the landscape in the evening  
glow,

While the warm sunbeams steep each  
tree in light,

Brightening the meadow's green expanse  
below

And flashing where the river comes to  
sight ;

And high above, the bridge, as in disdain

Of hill and valley, over them doth leap,  
Its rocky feet set firm upon the plain,

While the white arches spring from  
steep to steep ;

And at that airy height securely sweep  
The rushing cars in swift and long-drawn  
train.

O wondrous power of man ! which thus  
doth chain

All powers of Nature, and doth subject  
keep

Those fiery steeds, and guide them with-  
out rein

O'er hill and valley, interposed in vain !

1840.

## ROCK-BURN.

TO M. M. W.

O'ER sands of golden brown,  
O'er rocks with mosses gray,  
The eager brook hastes down,  
Nor pauses on its way ;—

Staying not to kiss the leaves  
That dip in its cool tide ;  
Staying not to woo the flowers  
That bloom along its side ;

Staying not in the sweet shadow  
Of the forest green and cool ;  
Staying not in the sunny meadow,  
Nor in the dark still pool ;

Staying not to hear the bird-song,  
Nor the busy hum of the bee,

But rushing restless onward  
Down to the distant sea, —

Down through the broad deep river  
Unto the roaring main ;  
It hears the deep sea calling,  
And answers back again !

Say not the brook is laughing  
Or singing merrily, —  
Its wave yon tired boy quaffing  
Not wearier can be.

No mirth it ever knows ;  
But it leaps from stone to stone,  
And murmurs as it goes  
In eager, restless tone.

And its voice has strange power  
To win our souls away :  
Oh, we can sit and listen  
Through the long summer day, —

---

Sit till the day is ended,  
And the hot sun gone down,  
And on the woods descended  
The twilight soft and brown.

And its voice grows loud and clear  
When the world lies asleep ;  
And it preaches in the ear  
Of those who wake and weep.

It tells of restless yearning,  
Of the spirit's ceaseless strife,  
How the soul is ever sighing  
After a higher life.

How time's stream floweth ever  
Bearing our life away ;  
Vain, vain is our endeavor, —  
We cannot make it stay !

Onward and ever onward  
The unresting current rolls,

And strange, mysterious voices  
Are calling to our souls.

The present cannot win us  
That we should in it stay ;  
The Eternal call within us  
We hear, and must obey.

1840.



TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

“ So short thy stay, so swift thy flight,  
Methinks some vision of a night  
Gleamed for a moment on my sight.

But 't is no dream that I retrace,  
For I have seen thy gentle face,  
And held thy hand in warm embrace.

As bright birds through the forest dart,  
✓ Does thy sweet smile which knew no art  
Still flash its sunshine to my heart.

And, as beneath the trees I lie,  
In the dusk violet springing nigh  
I see again thy tender eye, —

That eye where loving thought did brood,  
Its light by lashes dark subdued,  
Like the soft light within a wood.

And in the neighboring streamlet's fall  
Thy voice afar doth seem to call  
In accents mild and musical.

So though thou art no longer here,  
Yet to my heart thou still art near ;  
And I must ever hold thee dear,

✓ And unto Heaven raise this prayer,  
That God from tears thine eyes would  
spare

And guard thy feet from every snare !

1  
1843.

## LESSONS.

WHAT is the lesson the flower preaches  
As it blooms beside the brook ?  
Could we but listen to what it teaches,  
We should need no written book.

Up from the bosom of earth it shoots  
To drink the living air ;  
It opens its heart to the light and heat  
And scatters its perfume rare.

“Open thy heart,” the flower is saying,  
“To heavenly truth and love ;  
To God, in man, be aye repaying  
The good that he sends from above.”

What is the lesson the streamlet preaches  
As it leaps down the mountain-side,  
Nor rests nor sleeps, but ever reaches  
On to the ocean's tide ?

Nor is that its grave. Oh, do not deem  
That it resteth even there ;  
Look up ! and see the mountain stream  
Transfigured in the air !

“Onward !” the stream saith, “ever  
free ;”  
Thy path is still untrod ;  
Not in what *seems* thy rest must be,  
But in what *is*, — in God.”

1844.

BY MOUNT HOPE BAY.

THE evening hour had brought its peace,  
    Brought end of toil to weary hands.  
From wearying thoughts to find release  
    Alone I sought the ocean sands.  
Dark rain-clouds southward hovering nigh  
    Gave to the sea their leaden hue ;  
But in the west the open sky  
    Its rose-light on the waters threw.

I stood with heart more quiet grown,  
    And watched the pulses of the tide,  
The huge black rocks, the seaweed brown,  
    The gray beach stretched on either side,  
The boat that dropped its one white sail  
    Where the steep yellow bank ran down,  
And, o'er the clump of willows pale,  
    The white towers of the neighboring  
    town.

A cool light brooded o'er the land,  
A changing lustre lit the bay,  
The wave just plashed along the sand,  
And voices sounded far away.  
Past days rose up to memory's eye  
Dark with some clouds of leaden hue, —  
But many a space of open sky  
Its rose-light on those waters threw.

Then came to me the dearest friend,  
Whose beauteous soul to all things fair  
Doth, like the sea, new beauty lend  
And glorify each image there.  
The thoughts which words could never tell  
Through subtler senses were made  
known ;  
I raised my eyes, the darkness fell ;  
I stood upon the sands — alone !  
1850.

LOVE.

To love and seek return,  
To ask but only this,  
To feel where we have poured our heart  
The spirit's answering kiss ;  
To dream that now our eyes  
The brightening eyes shall meet  
And that the word we 've listened for  
Our hungering ears shall greet, —  
How human and how sweet !

To love nor find return, —  
Our hearts poured out in vain ;  
No brightening look, no answering tone,  
Left lonely with our pain ;  
The opened heavens closed,  
Night when we looked for morn,  
The unfolding blossom harshly chilled,  
Hope slain as soon as born, —  
How bitter ; how forlorn !

To love, nor ask return,  
To accept our solitude,  
Not now for others' love to yearn  
But only for their good ;  
To joy if they are crowned,  
Though thorns our head entwine,  
And in the thought of blessing them  
All thought of self resign, —  
How godlike, how divine !



## THE WHITE CLOVER.

TO M. E. P.

AMID the rich and cultured blooms that  
shined,

By friendly hands bound in a birthday gift,  
I found the homely, dear white clover hid,  
And thanked at heart the thought which  
placed it there, —

The plain, good flower that cheerfully ful-  
fills

Its homely duties in the common field,

Or by the road, ambitious of no more

Than to give needed food to kine and bees ;

Yet serves God's higher love to human  
hearts,

When some poor, ragged, brown-cheeked  
boy or girl,

Crossing the field,— the poor child's only  
garden, —

Plucks it for nosegay or for ornament  
Or sucks a moment's pleasure from its  
cells ;  
Or when some one, not poor nor young,  
whose heart  
Is yet a child, nor scornful of cheap joys,  
Taking beyond the streets his morning  
walk,  
Perceives a sudden fragrance in the air,  
And, looking down, beholds the clover  
bloom,  
And thanks the Lord who scatters common  
things  
To make us learn to *value* common things,  
To prize those things which we may share  
in common  
With all, the humblest, more than things  
select.  
He sows June fields with clover, and the  
world  
Broadcasts with little common kindnesses,  
With plain, good souls that cheerfully  
fulfill

---

Their homely duties in the common field  
Of daily life, ambitious of no more  
Than to supply the needs of friend or kin,  
Yet serve God's higher will to human  
    hearts,  
Giving a very fragrance to the home,  
The hidden sweetness of a kindly heart.

1857.

## UNDER THE BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.

WE sat beneath the wooden bridge  
As in a sheltering tent,  
And watched the water's emerald ridge  
And marvelous white descent.

The schoolboys, ruddy-cheeked and fair,  
Stood round in lightsome mood,  
Nor saw the awful presence there, —  
The spirit of the flood.

And yet on one of them, thought I,  
Some deeper influence stole  
To touch the slumbering chords that lie  
Even in the childish soul.

And when, in later years, his ways  
Beside these steeps shall be,  
The wonder-joy his foot that stays  
Shall seem half memory.

Oh, may some heavenly influence  
Still to my soul be nigh  
To blend the child's unconscious sense  
With manhood's seeing eye !

1857.

## NOVEMBER AND APRIL.

THE dead leaves their mosaics  
Of olive and gold and brown  
Had laid on the rain-wet pavement  
Through all the embowered town.

They were washed by the autumn tem-  
pest ;  
They were trod by hurrying feet ;  
And the maids came out with their besoms  
And swept them into the street,

To be crushed and lost forever,  
'Neath the wheels, in the black mire,  
lost, —  
The summer's precious darlings,  
Nourished at such a cost.

O words that have fallen from me !  
O golden thoughts and true !

---

Must I see in the leaves a symbol  
Of the fate that awaiteth you?

---

Again has come the spring-time,  
With the crocus's golden bloom,  
And the smell of the fresh-turned mould,  
And the violet's perfume.

O gardener, tell the secret  
Of these hues and odors sweet! —  
“I have only brought to my garden  
The black mire of the street.”

## THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

THE golden sea its mirror spreads  
    Beneath the golden skies,  
And but a narrow strip between  
    Of earth and shadow lies.

The cloud-like cliffs, the cliff-like clouds,  
    Dissolved in glory float,  
And midway of the radiant floods  
    Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,  
    The sky a sea as well ;  
And which is earth and which the heavens  
    The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for me life's latest hour  
    Soft passes to its end,  
May glory born of earth and heaven  
    The earth and heaven blend ;



Flooded with light the spirit float,  
    With silent rapture glow,  
Till where earth ends and heaven begins,  
    The soul shall scarcely know.

SHARON WOODS.

TO S. W. V.

IN the woods ! in the woods !  
What tender twilight broods !  
What flickering sunlights play  
On the beech-tree's mottled gray,  
As we sit this summer day  
In the woods !

In the woods, in the woods,  
What sacred solitudes !  
The pine-tree soaring high  
Spreads its hand out toward the sky  
With murmured prayer and sigh,  
In the woods.

In the woods, in the woods,  
What low and soft preludes  
Of winds the long aisles search.

---

Where the marble stems of birch  
Are the pillars of this church  
Of the woods !

In the woods, in the woods,  
The brook's soft lapsing floods  
Chant loud and low by turns,  
Where, 'mid the plumèd ferns,  
The sumac's taper burns  
In the woods !

In the woods, in the woods,  
What sweet and gracious moods  
Fill the restless heart with calm,  
Till it lifts its silent psalm  
With the flowers that embalm  
All the woods !

## IN MEMORIAM.

S. L. W.

A SENSE of life effacing death ;  
A sense of spreading wings ;  
Of larger gaze and fuller breath,  
At thought of her upsprings !

The enthusiastic heart — the glow  
Of warm and willing love —  
What bright expansion must it know  
In the new ways above !

The soul that owned all music's thrill,  
The rapture or the pain,  
What marvelous delight must fill  
As flows the angelic strain !

The quick bright mind, that knew to prize  
Truth's freshest, freest word, —

What mystic wisdom of the skies  
Its unsealed ears have heard !

O Life, O Love, O Beauty's thrill,  
O Truth that maketh free,  
Our souls with clearer faith ye fill  
In Immortality !

1876.

## SWISS DAYS.

TO S. J.

ONCE more, dear friend, with me recall  
Our wanderings in the enchanted land :  
The mountain path, the waterfall,  
The glacier's chill, the lake's sweet  
strand.

Again from the green slopes of Bern,  
With eyes by waiting eager grown,  
In rapture we afar discern  
The lifted Jungfrau's "great white  
throne."

From Mürren's pastures zoned with snow  
We watch the peaks, with quickened  
breath,  
Flush in the evening's passionate glow,  
Fade into pallor passing death.

---

From Wengern, through the lonely night,  
We hear the avalanche's fall ;  
Or up the weary Sheideck's height  
Follow the alp-horn's echoing call.

Eiger, and Mönch, and Wetterhorn  
Majestic cleave the sky anew ;  
And oh, what trembling lights are born  
In Luzern's emerald, Leman's blue !

. . . . .

Names ! yet what alchemy is yours  
Out from the ashes of the past  
To shape the picture which endures,  
The colors which the soul holds fast !

1877.

## TO A FRIEND

ON HIS EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY.

I. P.

BEYOND the common span  
Allotted unto man  
Thy life is lengthened, venerable friend !  
I fain would send a thought,  
In simple verses wrought,  
With the good wishes of the day to blend.

And as *thy* thoughts to-day  
Retrace the lengthened way,  
How like a golden thread, to thy mind's  
sight,  
The love of God doth shine,  
With its unbroken line  
Inwoven through the dark as through the  
light !



How like a golden clew  
All the long pathway through,  
The care of him, thy Guardian and Guide !  
Its hidden leadings show  
In ways thou didst not know,  
Whate'er was given, or whate'er denied.

What cause for thankfulness  
Thy heart must needs confess  
To him, the Giver of our every good !  
Blessings of earth and heaven  
In such abundance given ;  
Each added year an added multitude !

The friendship of the good  
Who, faithful, by thee stood  
In paths where action, toil, and duty led ;  
The affection true and tried  
Which closer at thy side  
Hath softened life's rough places to thy  
tread !

So has thy cup o'erflowed ;  
And all along the road  
*His* rod and staff thy comfort have supplied  
Who closer than a friend  
Shall keep thee to the end,  
And be thy portion still, whate'er betide.

For he is there alway,  
Whate'er may cloud the day ;  
Whate'er is lost, this ever doth remain,  
Until the gates uncloset  
Through which the pathway goes  
There, where the weak grow strong, the  
dimmed eyes see again !

GLEN ELLIS FALL.

“ Underneath are the everlasting arms.”

CALLED by a power they must obey  
The waters take their perilous leap ;  
But every tiniest drop of spray  
That power doth keep.

O heart, that shrinkest back appalled, —  
So fearful duty's way, and steep, —  
Know that where'er God's voice hath  
called  
His hand will keep !

1885.

## UP TO THE HILLS.

FROM tame and level lowlands,  
From the restless, restless sea,  
My spirit reaches upward,  
Calm mountain land, to thee !

Through the woodlands, through the farm-  
lands,  
I speed — yet all too slow ;  
And the rivers flow to meet me,  
Flow to greet me, as I go.

Now green hills are beginning  
To rise on every side ;  
And distant, beckoning summits  
Glance shyly, and then hide.

Now they are all about me,  
In their very arms I stand ;

---

Their strength, their peace, their beauty,  
Fold me on every hand.

For me they have been waiting,  
Patient, unchanging, true ;  
Through all the long year's absence  
My faithful heart they knew.

How on their tranquil faces,  
Immobile as they seem,  
The loving eye still traces  
The shifting thought and dream, —

Their sunny smile's enchantment,  
Their sad cheeks' mournful curve,  
Their glowing, breathing rapture,  
Their secret, dark reserve !

How noble is their friendship !  
They hold my freedom dear ;  
They encircle and they guard me,  
Yet they will not come too near !

## GOLDEN-ROD.

TO E. K. P.

THE parting day had come ; we stood  
alone  
On the bare hillside at the evening  
hour ;  
The mountains rose before us in their  
power,  
But from their face the light was wholly  
flown.  
In the gray sky no gleam of sunlight  
shone ;  
Black rain-clouds just withheld the  
threatening shower ;  
All Nature seemed to pause, and shrink,  
and cower,  
Such sombre stillness over all was thrown.

---

We spoke in low hushed tones, amid the  
    gloom,  
Of life and all its burdens and its cares,  
Of sorrow, and of death, and things  
    more sad ;  
Then of the life that shines beyond the  
    tomb :  
From the black sky I looked down, un-  
    awares,  
And lo ! with golden flowers earth at our  
    feet was glad.

1886.

## SEPTEMBER.

SUMMER is gone; but summer days remain :

Not all at once the sun withdraws his heat,

Though the day later dawns and flies more fleet.

A softened warmth glows upon vale and plain ;

From field and orchard now the full-heaped wain

Brings the ripe fruitage of the vanished days ;

With gold and purple all the roadsides blaze ;

To dream of summer still the earth is fain.

So from my life the summer now is gone,

And yet my heart some lingering glow retains,



---

Some joy in beauty, some unchilled  
romance ;  
Though fled the raptures of my manhood's  
dawn,  
Yet love of truth, yet love of love, re-  
mains,  
And gentle visions still my soul en-  
trance.

1886.

## NOVEMBER.

SUMMER is gone, but summer days return :

The winds and frosts have stripped the  
woodlands bare,

Save for some clinging foliage here and  
there ;

Now as if, pitiful, her heart did yearn,

Nature, the loving mother, lifts her urn

And pours the stream of life to her spent  
child.

The desert air grows strangely soft and  
mild,

And in his veins the long-fled ardors burn.

So when are past the mid-years of our  
lives,

And, sad or glad, we feel our work nigh  
done,

---

There come to us, with sudden, swift  
returns  
The glow, the thrill, which show that life  
survives,  
That — though through softening mists  
— still shines the sun,  
And in our souls the Indian summer  
burns.

1886.

## INTERVALE.

THE winding Saco swiftly speeds  
Southward among the flowering weeds,  
The solemn pine trees lift on high  
Their outstretched branches toward the  
sky ;

The purple cliffs above the elms  
Frown underneath their crested helms,  
The summer breezes as they pass  
Toss into waves the meadow grass,

And shake the light-poised poplar leaves,  
Then play beyond among the sheaves ;  
While we upon the upland green  
Drink draughts of beauty from the scene.

## THE GREAT STONE FACE

IN THE FRANCONIA NOTCH.

O SILENT watcher on the mountain-head,  
What years have passed, what generations  
    sped,  
Since eye first looked upon thy features  
    dread !

Men gaze awe-struck upon thy counte-  
    nance,  
Or pass thee by with hasty, careless  
    glance,  
And speed again upon their folly's dance.

Unrecked by thee they come and go their  
    ways ;  
Thou heedest not their chatter nor their  
    praise,  
But keepest down the vale thy solemn  
    gaze.

Stern, grim, unyielding, unrelenting, thus  
Looked old Prometheus forth from Caucasus,  
So guerdoned for his service perilous.

Say, didst thou too the skies once strive  
to climb,  
With purpose, too audaciously sublime,  
To bring to man Heaven's gifts before  
their time ?

Jove darts his bolts against thee, all in  
vain ;  
In vain his wrestling gales, his storming  
rain ;  
Thou wait'st undaunted, bearing all the  
pain.

The pitying clouds float up to cool thy  
cheek ;  
They woo thee gently, but thou dost not  
speak ;  
Silent, for thy deliverer dost thou seek ?

---

Friend, helper, or deliverer find'st thou  
none ;  
Thy lip, thy brow, thy heart have turned  
to stone ;  
Dumb through the years,—in all the  
world alone !

1887.

## CHILDREN.

O CHILDREN, life's perpetual June !  
Your path with buds and fragrance strewn,  
Down which your feet beat happy tune !

Your chubby hands are full of flowers,  
Your eyes, of sunshine and of showers, —  
Darlings of Nature's heart and ours !

✓ With you we toss the fragrant hay,  
✓ Or pluck wild roses from the spray ;  
Your cheeks more rosy-fair than they.

✓ Such charm has Nature round you flung ;  
You know "the song the sirens sung,"  
✓ That keeps our hearts forever young ;

✓ That lures us to forget our years,  
Forget our burdens and our fears ;  
✓ Oh, blessed is the ear that hears !



---

✓ The innocence that is so wise ;  
The trust that dreams of no disguise ;  
✓ The simple faith in mysteries, —

‘ These still shall in the world survive  
So long as God doth children give,  
To keep the child in us alive.

## FURNESS ABBEY.

“Considering every day the uncertainty of life, and that the roses and flowers of kings, emperors, and dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great wither and decay; and that all things with an uninterrupted course tend to dissolution and death.” —  
*Charter of the Abbey.*

ON Norman cloister and on Gothic aisle  
The fading sunset lingers for a while ;  
The rooks chant noisy vespers in the  
          elms ; —  
Then night's slow-rising tide the scene  
          o'erwhelms.

So fade the roses and the flowers of kings,  
And crowns and palms decay with hum-  
          bler things ;  
All works built up by toil of mortal  
          breath  
Tend in unbroken course to dust and  
          death.

---

Pillar and roof and pavement all are gone ;  
The lamp extinguished and the prayers  
    long done ;  
But faith and awe, as stars, eternal  
    shine ; —  
The human heart is their enduring shrine.

All were not idle and all were not base  
Who had within these walls their dwelling-  
    place.  
And still that life is harried, restless,  
    driven,  
Which finds no hour to contemplation  
    given.

O Earth, in thine incessant funerals,  
Take to thyself these crumbling, outgrown  
    walls !  
In the broad world our God we seek and  
    find,  
And serve our Maker when we serve our  
    kind.

Yet spare, for tender thought, for beauty  
    spare,  
Some sculptured capital, some carving  
    fair ;  
Yon ivied archway, fit for poet's dream,  
For painter's pencil, or for preacher's  
    theme !

Save, for our modern hurry, rush, and  
    strife,  
The needed lesson that thought, too, is  
    life !  
Work is *not* prayer, nor duty's self divine,  
Unless within them Reverence hath her  
    shrine.

## THE NEW YEAR.

NEW Year ! new Life, new Love !

New Hope's fair prophecy,

New Earth around, new Heavens above

Veiled in soft mystery !

O deep and boundless Love !

O Life, more full and free !

O Hopes, in fairer colors wove ! —

This New Year's gift are ye.

WITH AN EASTER CARD, BEARING  
A SHIELD OF FAITH.

HEAR what ancient Scripture saith,  
“ Take to thee the shield of *Faith*.”

Oft hath it thy covert been,  
Thy defense and sheltering screen.

When the darts of grief and pain  
Have assailed thy soul in vain,

“ More than conqueror ” thou hast been  
In the might of “ things unseen.”

Thine the faith that looked above,  
Saw through clouds the Eternal Love.

Thine the faith that looks beyond,  
Saw that Life escapes Death’s bond.

Saw to those who shall endure  
Victory at last made sure ;

---

Saw, whoever may deride,  
Angel legions on 'Truth's side ;

Saw the Everlasting Might  
Pledged to justify the Right.

---

Now, at this fair Easter-tide  
Faith again is justified,

Lo ! the earth that lay so dead  
Lifts again its beauteous head,

Lo ! the buried seed and root  
Spring toward leaf and flower and fruit.

Vain the winter's guard and seal  
Life supreme save to reveal.

May the stone be rolled away  
From all buried hearts to-day !

“BENEATH THE SHADOW OF THE  
ALMIGHTY.”

WHERE violets cast their shadow on the  
sod,  
The dewy grass in cooler freshness starts :  
And so, beneath the shadowing hand of  
God,  
Spring fresh the holier feelings of our  
hearts.  
The Almighty's shadow is a star-lit night ;  
His cloud is ever full of hidden light.



“I WILL TRUST AND NOT BE  
AFRAID.”

By this broad stream our fathers made  
their dwelling,  
Built their ships, and boldly left the  
shore,  
Trusting in God, when winds and waves  
were swelling;  
They dared the sea, nor trembled at its  
roar.

Honor we still their faith and brave en-  
deavor,  
But dwell not always in the walls they  
reared;  
We build not on the ancient ways for-  
ever;  
Yet trust no less the God whom they  
revered.

In broader day, with clearer light behold-  
ing,  
Changing their creed but keeping fast  
their faith,  
Freely the ancient forms of thought re-  
moulding,  
Asking what word to-day the Spirit saith,—

We, from the time-worn piers our ship un-  
mooring,  
Afloat, but not adrift upon the tide,  
Dare Truth's broad seas, in faith our hearts  
assuring  
He must be safe who sails where God  
doth guide.

## SACRED SONG.

FATHER of Mercies, all is rest and peace.  
The stir of day is over now and gone.  
Father of Mercies ! Seek we sweet release  
From daily cares in thee, O holy One !  
The heavenly choirs their worship never  
    cease,  
They come and go around the Father's  
    throne,  
And while we lift our hymns, the holy  
    chorus  
Of blessed spirits solemnly floats o'er us.

Holy devotion ! filling every heart  
As if with gentle showers of evening dew,  
*Faith* strong and earnest up to heaven  
    doth dart,  
As though on eagle's wings it upward  
    flew.

*Hope* whispers cheer and bids our fears  
depart,

While *Love* bathes all our souls in joy  
anew.

Father of Mercies, we in spirit kneeling  
Pour forth in silence all our blissful feel-  
ing.

## SONNET

READ ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
CLASS OF 1839.

THE voyage draws near its end ; the wes-  
tering Sun,  
Shorn of its noon-day heat, yet full of  
light,  
Marks the smooth waters with a glory  
bright  
Richer than pearly gleams from morning  
won.

The shore, which when our voyage was  
but begun  
Lay so remote beyond even thought's  
far flight,  
Now on the horizon lifts itself to sight ;  
Sees it our failure, or our work well  
done ?

Something perhaps of both the voyage has  
brought,  
Of our large venture something must  
avail,  
For dreams of youth we have the faith  
of age

By knowledge chastened, by experience  
taught!  
And now the time has come to shorten  
sail,  
The tranquil harbor calls to anchorage!  
1889.













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